

# FROM THE BLEAK NORTH INTO THE BALMY SOUTH

Delights of a Trip to the Island of Jamaica, with Its Many Charms, to the Tourist Seeking Rest—Points of Interest in the Republic of Colombia.

(Special Correspondence.)

The pleasure of going from the North to the tropics in midwinter is always much enhanced by a particularly cold and bleak day for the departure. This was denied those of us who sailed, for New York wore an air of almost summer mildness, and only the lightest of overcoats were needed as we steamed out into the bay.

On the sixth day the waving palms of Jamaica gladdened the eye, and two days were allowed the South American passengers to make what excursions they could inland.

Tourists sailing from Boston land at Port Antonio, which is on the opposite side of the island from Kingston, and one of the most charming spots in Jamaica. I selected the other route for the very good reason that all places on the Boston boats were taken far in advance when I was ready to engage my passage. But, as an English friend expressed it, that line "did for us very well," and we had no fault to find.

As Jamaica is becoming yearly more and more the Mecca for tourists, it is as well to state the plain facts, which really need no coloring.

There is more to be seen and enjoyed for a month or more in Jamaica, it seems to me, than at any other place so conveniently reached from our part of the world during the objectionable months that precede spring. The thinnest summer clothing is required, and no one is more uncomfortable than the Northern tourist who tries to get about in a black derby, dark clothes and black shoes. The best way is to wear as much white as possible, from the canvas covering for the feet to the India-pith helmet, do little walking in the sun in the middle of the day and preserve an even disposition.

Those of us who were bound to

of South America, at which our steamer called—that of Savanilla, in the republic of Colombia, which we reached in about forty hours.

Savanilla may have been of some importance at one time, but now it is merely a small collection of huts, in none of which a self-respecting white person would care to spend a night or eat a meal. I should guess that the inhabitants might be 500, and that must also represent about the number of individuals who had drunk themselves into a state of inebriety in order to usher in the Lenten season in a becoming manner. They had one day left to get drunker in, if that were possible, for the carnival would end on the morrow, which was Tuesday. One of the native customs is to paint the cheeks with daubs of red or blue, and the most fantastic costumes conceivable are worn. All work is suspended.

The train which should have taken us to Barranquilla, twenty-seven miles away—where the custom house and real business of the port is transacted—had gone just before our arrival, and we were told that the usual afternoon train would not run on account of the festa. A special government train happened, fortunately, to show up about dark, and we got to Barranquilla, after all, that night.

Now, why should anyone come to Barranquilla, unless on commerce bent, or gold mining, or after a government concession of some kind, or afflicted with sudden insanity? Simply because Barranquilla is on the way to Bogota, the capital of Colombia, the country that professes to own the isthmus of Panama, and with which the United States is bound to have more or less intimate relations during the next twenty years.

The Magdalena river pretends to run from somewhere above a village

AS SEEN BY ENGLISH EYES.

Jerome K. Jerome Tells of Methods of German Storekeepers.

Perhaps it would be unfair to generalize too confidently, but there are shopkeepers in Germany who make no great effort to dispose of their goods. An instance of this is given in "Three Men on Wheels." The author accompanied an American lady on a shopping excursion in Munich. She had been accustomed to shopping in London and New York, and grumbled at everything the man showed her. It was not that she was really dissatisfied; this was her method:

She explained that she could get most things cheaper and better elsewhere. Not that she really thought she could; merely she held it good for the shopkeeper to say this. She told him that his stock lacked taste. He did not argue with her. He did not contradict her. He put the things back into their respective boxes, replaced the boxes on their respective shelves, walked into the little parlor behind the shop and closed the door.

"Isn't he ever coming back?" asked the lady after two or three minutes had elapsed. Her tone did not imply a question so much as an exclamation of mere impatience.

"I doubt it," I replied.

"Why not?" she asked, much astonished.

"I expect," I answered, "you have bored him. In all probability he is at this moment behind that door smoking a pipe and reading the paper."

"What an extraordinary shopkeeper!" said my friend, as she gathered her parcels together and indignantly walked out.

"It is their way," I explained. "There are the goods. If you want them you may have them. If you do not want them, they would almost rather that you did not come and talk about them."

## THE CHILD'S SIMPLE FAITH.

How Small Minds Grasp the Great Problems of Life.

Little Margaret had given her dog the dignified and not generally bestowed upon dogs name of Stephen. This being rather difficult for everyday pronunciation, much coaxing and various tidbits finally induced Stephen, the dignified, to come in answer to the more intimate and endearing term, "Teevie."

There came a sorrowful day when Teevie could not be found in any of his accustomed spots.

That night, before sobbing herself to sleep, Margaret finished her prayer, "O Lord, please find Teevie and bring him back."

After repeating this for several nights, her mother thought she would save the child's faith, from too severe a strain, so suggested that she stop praying for Stephen's return, but wait patiently. She imagined time might efface the idea and leave her little girl with a faith still implicit. Some three weeks afterward she sat down to teach her the next Sunday's lesson.

"Who is God, Margaret?" she asked.

"God is our Father," replied the child.

"And where is God?" the mother continued.

The child's face wore a puzzled expression for a second, then she exclaimed delightedly:

"Oh, I know! He's off hunting Teevie."

## Assume No Responsibility.

College presidents have considerable responsibility thrust upon them, but President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton recently received more than his share. Dr. Wilson wished to explain to the undergraduates the actions of a certain committee, and with this object in view wrote a communication to the Princetonian—the college daily paper—with the request that it be published. The next morning it appeared beneath the following heading:

"We are willing to publish signed communications from members of the university, but we will not be responsible for the sentiments expressed."

## His Only Comment.

"One Wife Too Many," exclaimed Mrs. Wederly, as she glanced at the headlines of her husband's paper. "I suppose that is an account of the doings of some bigamist."

"Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband, without daring to look up.

## Old Joke Revised.

"Why is the editor in such good spirits?" asked the stenographer.

"The office boy has announced that there are four poets without," replied the reporter.

"Is that why he is happy?"

"Yes, they are without poetry."

## Positively Brutal.

She—"Just see how much your little wife loves you. She made this cake for you all by herself."

He—"Yes, darling, and now if you will eat it all by yourself I shall possess undisputable proof of your devotion."

## Sensible Housekeepers

will have Defiance Starch, not alone because they get one-third more for the same money, but also because of superior quality.

Naggaby—Did you see the May Pole dance? Waggaby—Good gracious, no! Toward the last I thought it wobbled a little, but I wasn't so drunk as to think it danced!

## Keep Your Eye

On the sunny San Luis valley, for it is going to be a winner this year. You will have full information from time to time in these columns.

The Colorado Bureau of Immigration, 616 Majestic Building, Denver, Colorado.

"Just to see Seraph kiss that dog, when she never kisses me!" "Never mind. Your turn will come in due time. You know every dog has his day."

The secret of the popularity of Baxter's "Bullhead" 5-cent cigar is revealed in one word—"Quality."

Nell—I don't care for fair weather friends. Belle—No, I'd rather have a rain bean.

## Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Swollen, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A scientist says that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This may explain why a sixteen-year-old boy knows so much more than his father.

Don't you know that Defiance Starch besides being absolutely superior to any other, is put up 16 ounces in package and sells at same price as 12-ounce packages of other kinds?

Clara—Does Harry help you with the housecleaning? Harriet—Well, he hangs the pictures crooked and does the grumbling.

The mildest tobacco that grows is used in the make-up of Baxter's Bullhead 5-cent cigar. Try one and see.

"After all," remarked the person, "it pays to be good." "I'm not quite sure of that," replied the lawyer. "You get only \$2 for tying a knot, while I get \$50 for untying it."



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Overshadowing indeed is the success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—compared with it, all other medicines for women are experiments.

Why has it the greatest record for absolute cures of any female medicine in the world? Why has it lived and thrived and done its glorious work among women for a quarter of a century? Simply because of its sterling worth. The reason that no other medicine has ever reached its success is because there is no other medicine so successful in curing woman's ills. Remember these important facts when a druggist tries to sell you something which he says is just as good.

## A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse.

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELAIDE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."

Women should not fail to profit by Miss Adelaide Prahl's experiences; just as surely as she was cured of the troubles enumerated in her letter, just so certainly will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure others who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration; remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She can surely help you, for no person in America has such a wide experience in treating female ills as she has had. Address is Lynn, Mass.; her advice is free and always helpful.

**\$5000 FORFEIT** if we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of above testimonial, which will prove its absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

# WINCHESTER

## RIFLE & PISTOL CARTRIDGES.

"It's the shots that hit that count." Winchester Rifle and Pistol Cartridges in all calibers hit, that is, they shoot accurately and strike a good, hard, penetrating blow. This is the kind of cartridges you will get, if you insist on having the time-tried Winchester make.

ALL DEALERS SELL WINCHESTER MAKE OF CARTRIDGES.



De Lesseps' Residence.  
(Colon, Colombia.)

South America, or, as some were, on the entire round trip from New York to New York, arranged to take the prettiest long drive on the island that can be done in one day—that to the famous Castle Gardens, the government reservation, where nearly every tree, shrub and plant that can be found in the tropics has been gathered.

It was a day that everybody enjoyed hugely, including forty miles of drive over hill and dale, by the side of purling streams, past plantations of sugar cane, coconuts, bananas and coffee, through negro villages and groves of gigantic cotton trees. As it was on a Friday, country people were constantly being met in little parties, on their way to the Saturday market at Kingston, carrying, either on donkeys or more often on their heads, quantities of vegetables and fruits to be disposed of there.

The women seemed even more in evidence than the men, and their erect forms and square shoulders showed the beneficial effect of the lifelong habit of carrying burdens upon the head. They were always ready to respond to pleasantries, and sometimes their repartee was rich with unctuous humor. At one stopping place a native woman asked one of the excursionists how he liked the country, and he said it was too warm. "We'll try to have it cooler the next time you come, master," she answered. Every man had either "master," "captain" or "doctor" given him by each native who spoke, the latter appellation seeming a favorite one.

Starting out of Kingston harbor again, those of us who were bound farther south had a breezy trip across the waters that intervene between that point and the first important port

called Honda to this town; and at some times of year, after sufficient rain has fallen, it is said to do so. Just now the condition of the river bed is admitted on all hands to be discouraging, and growing worse. The 600 miles that can sometimes be made in seven days by steamers that draw three feet of water may now take half as many weeks, or even more. From Honda to Bogota it is some days on muleback over a mountain trail.

## CUSTOMS OF THE COSSACKS

Queer Beliefs and Usages Prevalent Among Them.

Many queer customs and usages are prevalent among the Cossacks of the Don. No man changes his clothing on a Monday. If he did it is believed that he would suffer from a severe skin disease. On Thursday no fat or flesh must be pickled or corned. If any one neglected this the meat would be full of worms in a fortnight. Wool is not spun on a holiday, else the cattle will sicken and die. A hen is always given an uneven number of eggs to hatch, never an even number. Bones left from a dinner at a funeral are thrown into the river, else the dead will appear to the living in fearful shape. And at the same meal no one dare cut bread—it must always be broken.

## Roosevelt's Cowboy Breakfast.

What was this cowboy breakfast given in honor of President Roosevelt out in Colorado? The only description of this sort of an entertainment we recall was given by a ranchman, who said it consisted of chops, a glass of whiskey and a dog.

Why a dog?  
To eat the chops.—Boston Herald.